

The Society Page

By Gene Mahoney

Russian Hill Upholstery and Décor is still located in Nob Hill, not Russian Hill.

At the Warfield: Lay Zhang, 11/20. Men I Trust, 11/22. Yung Lean, 12/9. *At the Regency Ballroom:* Noah Kahan, 11/18. Thuy, 11/26. Cannibal Corpse, 11/21. *At Bottom of the Hill:* The Red Pears, 11/29. *At Café Du Nord:* Skullcrusher, 11/30.

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Remember a couple of issues ago when I mentioned a barmaid at Vesuvio Café in North Beach kept throwing out copies of the Herald left there, because she thought them “inappropriate” due to comics I drew criticizing our state’s stellar handling of the Wuhan Virus lockdown?

Then I mentioned a concerned citizen who wrote a letter to the Richmond Review newspaper about how alarmed he was that a neighborhood woman kept feeding pigeons -- so he alerted the police and other local authorities about her -- in an effort to prevent a bird flu outbreak, to no avail.

Then I suggested that it sounded like the barmaid and the pigeon guy might hit it off. I don’t know if they ever got together – I’m going to guess no – but I’m going to put my Cupid wings back on and be a potential matchmaker for her again.

I was dropping off last month’s Herald and left a copy on the bar at the Ha-Ra Club in Lower Nob Hill. A minute later a guy – *I’m assuming he worked there* – ran out and handed it back to me, saying he doesn’t want it there. Then he called me a “racist weirdo.” Can you believe that? Well, okay – the “weirdo” part – he’s probably right about that. But “racist”? I was protesting against apartheid in South Africa at UC Berkeley before this guy was in diapers. So I asked him if he could elaborate, but he walked back inside. So I stood outside their door and asked him if he could tell me how he arrived at his conclusion. But all I could see inside was darkness and all I could hear was him saying “Racist weirdo.” So I just said, “Okay, buddy – have a nice day” and left.

What? Yeah, he was a white guy.

Anyway, it sounds like the waitress at Vesuvio Café and this guy might hit it off. If they get married I wonder if I’d be invited to



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the wedding. Probably not. Though I should be Best Man if it ever happens. Maybe I should start a dating service for people who hate this newsletter.

Anyway, best of luck to you two.

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And now, another exciting episode of “24” – about my latest observations of 24 Hour Fitness. The gym I’ve frequented for about 20 years. *How’s that for a testimonial?*

The location in Santa Cruz has signs in the men’s locker room instructing patrons not to dry any body part except their hands under the hand dryer. So I think we all know what that means – don’t we, gentlemen?

The location in San Carlos has been an absolute joy for a few years now. It used to have a surly staff – it felt like working out in the San Quentin prison yard. Now everyone’s cheerful and polite. Though it was a bit unsettling about a month ago when a guy in the locker room claimed he was God. I noticed God still uses a flip phone. Maybe he didn’t want to wait on line for the latest Apple product. You’d think he’d have connections, though. Like Steve Jobs.

Closer to home, the location on Van Ness is open 24 hours again. So they’re living up to their name. Way to go, guys!

On a less positive note, I was pumping iron at the Montgomery Street location and had an encounter with this guy. I don’t know his name, so let’s call him “Dick.”

He’s an Asian guy with glasses and he was wearing a New York Yankees’ Aaron Judge jersey. The Yankees, my favorite baseball team, had just defeated Cleveland the day before in the playoffs. So as I passed by him I said, “Hey, all right, the Yanks beat the

Guardians yesterday” and gave him a thumbs up. He didn’t say anything – he just kept looking at me like I had three heads. So after about twenty seconds of him looking at me confused and me looking back at him growing more confused, I just shrugged my shoulders and went to the weight rack. He kept looking at me, then angrily blurted out in broken English that we weren’t friends and I shouldn’t talk to him.

So anyway, if you see Dick hogging the bench press in the morning like he usually does, don’t do anything insensitive like say hello.

Hey, Dick – no offense, but if you’re going to walk around with an attitude like that, you should really bulk up a lot more. But whatever you do, don’t give in to the temptation to take steroids. Steroids can cause serious cystic acne, sudden increases in body weight, headaches, dizziness, severe leg and abdominal cramping, premature hair loss, and drastic changes in personality.

Wait a minute – “drastic changes in personality”? Hey, Dick – take as many steroids as you possibly can.

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The Tabard Theatre in San Jose just finished their production of *Wait Until Dark*, which began as a play in 1966 and became a movie the next year featuring Audrey Hepburn and Alan Arkin. If you haven’t seen this ultimate “taut, psychological thriller” it’s on DVD. I’d stay away from websites that have it – they look like suspicious Russian ones.

Audrey Hepburn plays the heroine (heck, the hero) and Alan Arkin hams it up as a real scumbag. He underestimates Audrey’s character because she’s a woman and she’s blind.

Speaking of women with disabilities, if the blonde gal in the wheelchair at last month’s How Weird Street Faire is reading this --- you were the most beautiful woman there.###

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As We Go Up We Go Down

By Mr. Fabulous

There was one time when I got stuck in an elevator with Michael Bolton and Richard Nixon. It was during the Annual Breast Cancer Benefit at the L.A. Hyatt. I was there escorting Sheena Easton. My agent had arranged for Sheena to sing a medley during the night's show; he thought it would be nice if Sheena and I were photographed together.

We had arrived at the benefit at 8 p.m. During Bea Arthur's keynote speech, I gave Sheena a quick kiss on the cheek and drifted downstairs to the Fairmont Room. I ordered a scotch-on-the-rocks and then strolled through the south wing, sipping my drink and studying some of the photographs on the Wall of Fame. Then I hopped into an elevator to return to the ballroom. When I stepped into the elevator, I noticed an older man, dressed in a charcoal suit, staring at the elevator wall and muttering to himself. Next to him stood a younger man in a navy blue suit. The door closed and the elevator started climbing.

At the next floor, Michael Bolton stepped into the elevator. I recognized his distinctive, shoulder-length blonde hair immediately. I jumped toward him, almost spilling my drink.

"Michael, baby--man, how cool to run into you. How'ya doing?"

Michael looked down at the floor. "Hey..."

I patted him on the shoulder. "Mike, you are just awesome. Just awesome. I love your stuff."

He nodded and looked at the floor. "Uhh, thanks."

I had a huge smile on my face. "I have to tell you, your song, 'When A Man's Got A Good Woman'--that song just slays me. It just kills me. I love it. Did you write that?"

Michael kept staring at the floor of the elevator. He didn't answer. I poked him in the arm. "Hey, you wrote that, right?"

He looked up at me quickly, then looked away. He shook his head and said softly, "No, I didn't write it."

I nodded. "Well, it's great. It just tears me up inside. 'When A Man Needs A Good Woman.' Yeah, I can really dig where you're coming fr--"

"It's called 'When A Man Loves A Woman.'"

"Oh, right..."

I paused. "You know, Mike, there was this period of time not too long ago when I wasn't working. And that song came out and I heard it on the radio, and it was just--your voice was so right on. I mean, you have more soul than anybody, man. You're really great. Has anybody ever told you how much soul you have? I mean, you're fantastic."

Michael was looking at the floor. "Thanks."

I nodded. "Yeah."

Suddenly the lights in the elevator blinked off for a moment. And then they blinked on again. And then, the elevator suddenly lurched to a stop. I stumbled sideways, bumping into the old man in the charcoal suit. Some of my drink splashed onto the sleeve of my sport jacket.

"Excuse me--"

"Hey--" The guy in the navy blue suit pushed me away from the old man. "Step back, please."

"Huh?" I stepped away from the old man. The guy in the navy suit steadied the old man. "Mr. President, are you okay, sir?"

The old man raised his head. It was Richard Nixon. I was startled. Nixon nodded his head. "Just fine, son."

The young guy glanced up at the ceiling of the elevator. "We seem to have stopped, sir. Possibly the elevator has malfunctioned. I'll radio for help."

Nixon nodded. "All right."

The young guy pulled a walkie-talkie out of his suit jacket. "Lone Wolf to Silver Bird, Lone Wolf to Silver Bird, do you copy, over?"

I poked Michael Bolton. "Hot damn, it's Richard Nixon. Can you believe it?"

The young guy put an arm in front of me. "Take it easy. Step back, please."

I smiled. "No problem here." I shook my head. "But wow, Richard Nixon--what are you doing here?"

The young guy pointed at me. "Look, sir, please just step back. You're interfering with official business."

"Hey, man, I'm cool."

He clicked the radio again. "Lone Wolf to Silver Bird, do you copy, over?..."

The radio crackled with static. After a moment a voice answered faintly, "Roger, Lone Wolf."

The young guy nodded to himself and spoke into the radio. "Uhh, Jim... Mother Goose needs help in the south elevator."

The radio voice crackled, "That's a roger, Lone Wolf."

I turned to Michael Bolton, who was looking at Richard Nixon. "Pretty cool, huh?"

"Sure."

I turned to Nixon, who was standing quietly in a corner of the elevator. "So, Mr. President... how are you? How's retirement treating you?"

Nixon nodded. "Pretty good--as long as this elevator gets going."

I laughed. "Right, right." I turned and indicated Michael Bolton. "Mr. President, do you know Michael Bolton?"

"No, I don't."

"He's great. A famous singer. He's got a couple of gold albums."

Michael flashed a beaming smile at Nixon. "Platinum albums, actually."

I nodded. "Yeah, he's an amazing singer."

Nixon reached to shake Michael Bolton's hand. The secret service guy paused. He glanced from Nixon to Michael Bolton to Nixon. "Uhh, Mr. President?..."

Nixon turned to him. "It's okay, son." He reached out and shook Michael Bolton's hand.

Michael Bolton grinned. "It's a pleasure."

I turned to Nixon. "So what are you doing here?"

"Pat insisted we do the benefit this year."

"Well...what do you think?"

Nixon frowned. "A huge fuss. All these jackasses making speeches. I can't get a drink to save my life."

I glanced at my half-finished scotch-on-the-rocks. "Hey, I'm drinking scotch if you want some."

I held out my glass to Nixon. He started to reach for it. Suddenly, the secret service guy, who'd been talking on his walkie-talkie, reached out and grabbed my drink. He turned to Nixon. "Mr. President, I really must insist..."

Nixon exploded. "God-damnit, son--gimme that scotch."

The secret service guy handed over the glass. Nixon slugged it down. Then he exhaled. "Who--good stuff. Wish I had another."

I smiled. "I hear that. Believe me, if we weren't stuck in this elevator, I think I'd turn right around and head back to the bar."

Nixon nodded. "You're my kind of man."

Michael Bolton gestured to Nixon. "I love a good Sauvignon Blanc myself."

Nixon squinted at Michael Bolton. "What?"

Michael smiled a beaming smile. "I always love a good white wine. Nothing too tart. But anything French'll work for me. What about you?"

Nixon shook his head. He turned to me. "What's wrong with this guy?"

I chuckled. "I hear you, Dick."

Nixon elbowed me. "I mean, I thought he had a sissy boy haircut. But what's all this wine crap?"

I nodded my head solemnly. "I know it."

The secret service guy clicked off his walkie-talkie. "Good news, gentleman. The elevator should come back any sec--"

Just at that moment the elevator lurched forward again. I stumbled sideways, but Nixon grabbed my arm to steady me. I looked up at him.

"Thanks, Dick."

"No problem."

The secret service guy gestured with his walkie-talkie. "They were just switching the power downstairs or something."

We all nodded. "Uh-huh."

Nixon turned to me. "Listen, I'm sure this whole show's gonna be a piss-poor bore, but why don't you join me at my table. We'll knock back a couple more glasses."

"Thanks, man. That'd be swell--that is, just as long as there's room for my lady friend..."

Nixon pointed at Michael Bolton. "You mean blonde, there?"

I laughed. "Right, right." I chuckled. "No, seriously, I'm here with a lovely redhead. She's a singer. Her name's Sheena Easton."

Nixon nodded. "Oh, right. Terrific girl. Did the James Bond song."

"She's the one."

"Great. She and Pat will get along fabulously."

"All right."

We rode the elevator up to the ballroom.###

Telegraph from Berkeley

The Mighty Class of 1974 By Ace Backwards

After I graduated from high school — Class of '74 — I didn't make any attempt to contact any of my former classmates. I mostly just wanted to be forgotten. My senior year had been so traumatic I just wanted to leave that whole period behind me.

The only one of my classmates that made an effort to look me up was my old stoner friend Debbie Q. I don't know how she tracked me down, but somehow she found me. And we kept in touch by letters for many years. Aside from that, my only connection with high school was a classmate, Jo Adell, appearing out of nowhere one afternoon at a Grateful Dead/ Who concert at the Oakland Coliseum in 1976. (I was peaking on LSD at the time and was never sure if I had hallucinated the whole thing).

But with the advent of Facebook I've ended up re-connecting with people from just about every period of my past. Including high school. And, in spite of myself, I was curious how everyone's lives had turned out. Life is so mysterious, after all. And you can never predict the paths people will go down.

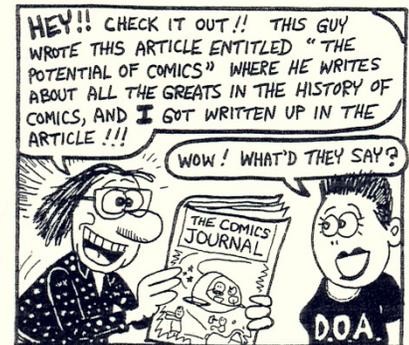
Most of the people from my class seemed to have had pretty successful lives. Careers, marriages, children. Some of them made fortunes as CEOs and financiers. Many others were lawyers, doctors, architects, teachers, owners of business, etc. A few had careers in the arts as songwriters or artists (one nut even took a stab at cartooning). But most seem to have lived fairly conventional lives.

As far as I know, nobody in my class became famous. Though we just missed with the political comedian Bill Maher, who was also Class of '74 but lived in the neighboring town of Montvale right next to ours. And the famous chef Anthony Bourdain was Class of '73 in the nearby town of Englewood. And FBI Director James Comey went to my high school but graduated 4 years after me in the Class of '78.

You can't help but feel a connection with your classmates. Bonded by the mutual experiences of our youth. It's like our school years were like the warm-up before we started the race of adult life. And now as we're pushing into our late 60s — and headed towards our 50th year class reunion unbelievably enough! — it's like the race is almost over. And we are what are. Whatever that is.###

TWISTED IMAGE

by Ace Backwards ©1988



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GOOD CLEAN FUN
WRITTEN, DRAWN, & ©2022
BY GENE MAHONEY

LET
ME
HELP
YOU

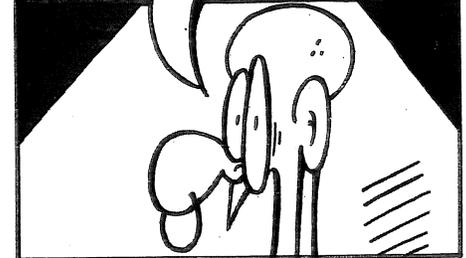
YOU CAN SKIP THIS AD
IN 0:30 SECONDS

ARE YOU
ADDICTED
TO DRUGS?



HAVE YOUR ADDICTIONS
COST YOU EVERYTHING...
YOUR FAMILY,
YOUR JOBS,
YOUR HOME?

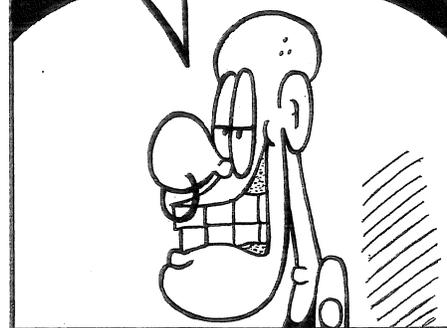
HAVE YOU DROPPED OUT OF SOCIETY?
ARE YOU LIVING ON THE STREETS?
THEN YOU KNOW WHAT YOU MUST DO.



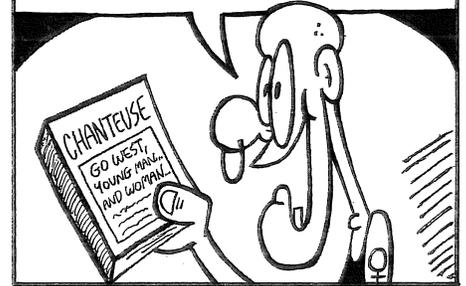
MOVE TO SAN FRANCISCO!
IF YOU DON'T WANT TO WORK,
THERE'S NO BETTER PLACE TO
SIT ON YOUR ASS ALL DAY!
THE CITY SPENDS \$61,000 A YEAR
PER TENT TO SHELTER THE HOMELESS!
THAT'S MORE THAN THE CITY'S
AVERAGE RENT!



HELLO... I'M CHANTEUSE...
FORMER HOST OF
"O' GAY CAN YOU SEE:
HOMOPHOBIA IN AMERIKA"
ON KPFA RADIO IN BERKELEY
AND FORMER BATH-HOUSE EDITOR
FOR THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN!



CUT BACK ON THE CRACK ENOUGH
TO BUY MY BOOK
"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN...
AND WOMAN...
AND ALL THOSE NEW GENDERS THAT
JUST CAME OUT A FEW YEARS AGO
THAT WE NEVER LEARNED ABOUT
IN BIOLOGY CLASS."
IT'S ABOUT THE NEW GOLD RUSH!



SEE IF YOUR CITY IS ONE OF THOSE
THAT BUY THEIR BUMS AND DRUG
ADDICTS ONE-WAY BUS TICKETS TO
SAN FRANCISCO JUST TO GET RID OF THEM!
SEE HOW SAN FRANCISCO PAYS PEOPLE
TO COME HERE, TAKE DRUGS, LITTER,
CRAP ON THE STREETS, FREAK OUT,
AND COMMIT VIOLENT CRIMES!



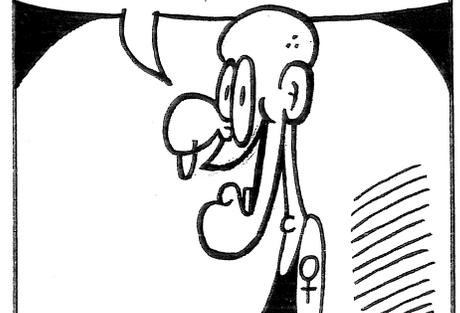
SAN FRANCISCO IS THE
CITY OF ST. FRANCIS...
AND ST. FRANCIS CARED
FOR THE DOWNTRODDEN.
THEN AGAIN, BACK THEN THE
DOWNTRODDEN WEREN'T ON METH,
STARING AT THEIR TAXPAYER
FUNDED SMARTPHONES ALL DAY.

BUT HEY...
THAT'S
PROGRESS!



SO BUY MY BOOK! AND A BIG
SHOUT-OUT TO THE VOTERS OF
SAN FRANCISCO! IF YOU DIDN'T
ELECT OUR CURRENT LEADERS,
NONE OF THIS WOULD BE POSSIBLE!

SO BUY MY BOOK! DON'T CLICK ON
"SKIP AD." OKAY? COME ON, BUY MY-



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T



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